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THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

AN ADDRESS

BY

WILLIAM R. GEORGE, ESQ.

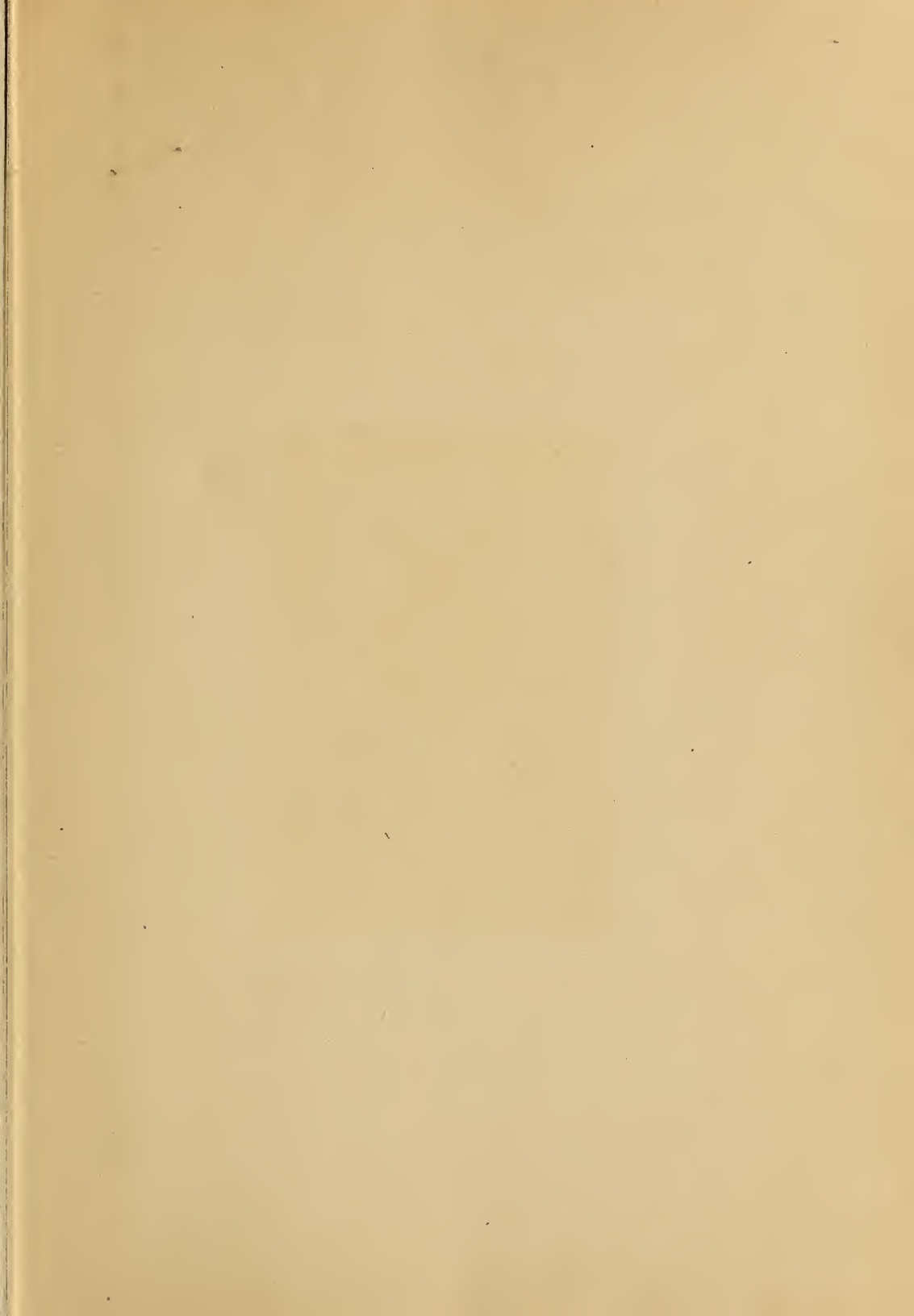
DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF MAYFLOWER
DESCENDANTS IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENN-
SYLVANIA, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1909

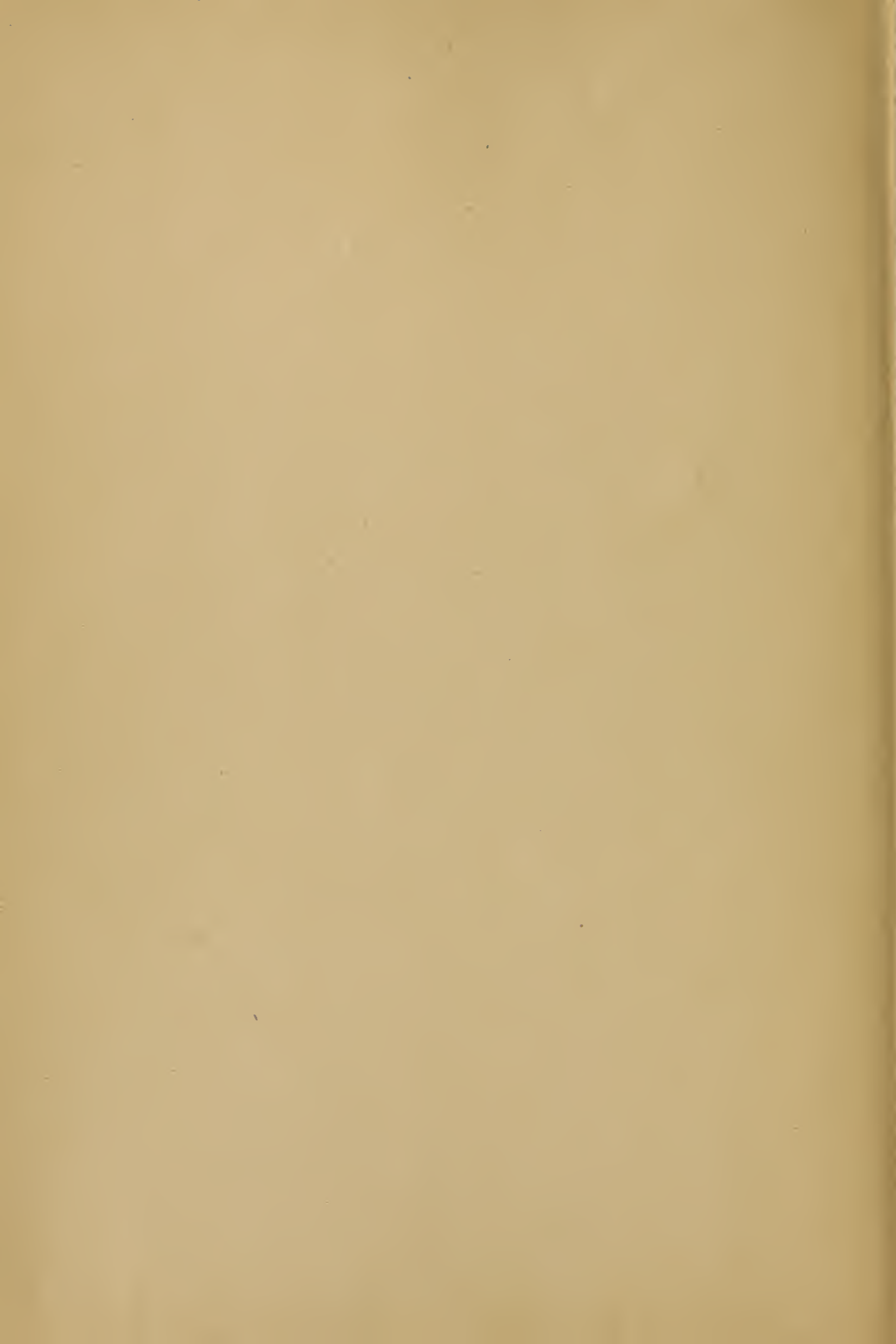




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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1909



PHILADELPHIA

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THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, and GENTLEMEN: I do not know how much you know about the Junior Republic. I have an idea that some of you are quite well acquainted with the general plan and scope of the work, while others have a very vague idea of what we are like. I have one great desire to-night, and that is not to leave this place until every one of you understands clearly the plan and scope of the Junior Republic.

We have got a lot of ground to cover, and I want to cover it in a very short space of time. I want to bring it to you in the best way. Perhaps a good thing to do to accomplish this end will be to give you a little idea of the way the thing came about. I had the good fortune to be born up in the country, and I was there until I was fourteen, and then I went to New York City. I went into business for myself in New York City and got on fairly well; but I would have got on still better if I had not paid more attention to other people's business than I did to my own. I mean, by that, I took great interest in certain young people,—boys and girls from that portion of society commonly known as the other half. In the summers I went to my old home in Central New York and spent my vacations. One day it occurred to me it would be a great scheme to take some of those boys and girls with me for a fresh air outing. So I secured tickets and started with about fifty choice specimens for Freeville, in the summer of 1890. We had great fun. They will never forget it, and I am sure the farmers who had nice sweet harvest apples will not forget it; but the people were very tolerant, and we had a splendid time. We made such a good impression that we were invited to come the next year. The interest extended beyond the little

company of boys and girls I had with me, and, with joint voice, I was told, that if I would bring a larger number the next year the country people would be glad to supply the provisions.

So the next year I took two hundred, and the next year I took a still larger crowd, and the interest continued to extend through that section of the country, and so it went on for several years. We were drawing attention from the Pennsylvania line up to Lake Ontario. Everybody seemed to think that a great work was being done, and the people were greatly pleased. They thought that great good was being done the boys on account of the fact that we had an opportunity to hammer lots of patriotism into them and teach them to sing hymns,—religious, patriotic, etc.

That was all right so far as it went, but I began to have a suspicion that the work was doing harm rather than good. Why? Because I came to the point where I concluded that those boys and girls were estimating the good time they had by the amount of clothes and provisions that they brought back to the city with them on their return. The people were so generous and the boys, and girls as well, were claiming what they received, *as a right*. Every day boys came to me and would say, "Mr. George, are we going to get tings when we go home?" "What we got last year was good: Are we going to get the same tings dis year?" or "We had a good deal better time last year dan dis year." So I began to feel that they were being pauperized; that the work was doing harm, because they were claiming charity as a right, and I made up my mind that something must be done. I had the opportunity of studying the city end of the problem, and, when I visited the homes of these young people, I discovered I was a veritable Jonah. As quickly as the parents discovered I was interested in their offspring, the father would lose his job, and then they would ask the question if it was possible for me to supply provisions while he was out of a job; and, on investigation, I discovered, in certain instances, that he had not lost his job at all. They were clamoring to get something for nothing. It was rather discouraging. It all came to a climax. The next year when

the boys and girls asked me what they were going to get, I turned to them and said, "Can you tell me any reason why you should be given things? Here you are having a good time, getting lots of strength and fresh air. Why should you be given clothing and provisions and other things in addition to all this?" A little black-eyed Italian girl straightened up, looked me in the eye and said, "Mr. George, what do you think we are here for anyway?" I made up my mind that that settled it, and I determined to write a letter to the people declaring that the work was doing absolute harm, and also declaring that I was going to discontinue it.

But I refrained, for I knew that they needed the things. The question was how to get the things into their possession without injuring them. I thought it deserved one more year's trial, and so I determined to perform some of the most radical treatment the next year, and I carried out those intentions. The next year I did some very, very radical things. To make a long story short, we hit upon a certain scheme which came out in this wise. It seems I had a rather lawless element with me, which had been hand-picked for that special qualification. As a result of that, I was obliged to make all the rules and regulations for the government of that little community. I prided myself I was a great law-maker. I noted incidentally I was obliged to enforce the laws which I made; but that did not make any difference. I thought I laid out good laws, and I guess they were all right. But one day I devised a scheme of requiring them to *work* for the provisions and clothing that they were receiving, principally the clothing. Then something funny happened. As I say, up to this time I had been obliged to make rules and regulations, but just as quickly as a portion of these young people came into possession of property, those individuals came to me and suggested rules and regulations, and I noted that those rules and regulations related to the protection of property, and, as quickly as I put those rules and regulations into operation, they worked a great deal better than the rules and regulations which I had made. In other words, as quickly as they came into possession of property, they

became interested in laws for the protection of their property, and we had the beginnings of government.

I suppose that was the germ of the Junior Republic. I suppose that marks the beginning of the work. But at that time I simply noted it as an interesting incident. I had time to do little more than that, because I was so busy enforcing the rules and regulations that they had suggested, and a mighty interesting half dozen weeks passed after that; but I am not going to tell about it because I have got to skim over it quickly. I have got to get to something more important. I will simply say that with the enforcement of the rules for the protection of property came the question of trial by jury. First I was the whole thing. I was Judge, Jury, Chief of Police and Grand Executioner; but, finally, I transferred the power to these young people. As quickly as they were punished by their fellows by their own vote, I noted a very intensely interesting fact—that they cared a great deal more about the fact that their fellow citizens punished them; that they ceased to be heroes in the eyes of their fellows, when the boys regarded them as law-breakers; and things like that grew so rapidly that I devised one scheme after another, and I began to pride myself on the fact that I was quite a clever individual. But one day as I was thinking over the matter, I came to the conclusion that there was nothing unusually clever about it at all, for, after I had begun to elaborate on questions of government, in various directions, suddenly I said to myself, “There is something strangely familiar about all this. Where have I seen it? In any club of boys? No. In any Sunday School or institution or day school or preparatory school? No. What is there like this that is so familiar? Why! we have got just the same conditions of society as we have in the big Republic. We have here the three powers of Government—Legislative, Executive, and Judicial—and then we have something else that is the same as we have in the big Republic, and that is the economic system—underneath this whole scheme runs the Almighty Dollar idea, and the ethical conditions are also exactly identical with those in the big Republic. We have

a village composed of boys and girls carried on just exactly the same as any village outside—a miniature of the great big Republic—a Junior Republic.”

I went back to the city and I announced to my friends that the next year I was going to start a government of the boys and girls, for the boys and girls, and by the boys and girls. They laughed at me, and one great friend, a dear good soul and one of the best women who ever lived, said, when I outlined the scheme to her, “It is just like a machine I saw in Japan, a most beautiful machine, that had only one trouble—it couldn’t be worked.” I saw her some time after that and she said, “I have changed my mind; this machine does work.”

I had my troubles. Other people said it would not work. However, there were two individuals who gave me a great deal of consolation at this time. One was Jacob Reese and the other was our ex-President, who was Police Commissioner in New York City at the time. I selected my boys and girls that winter of 1894 and ’95, and by spring time I had them in pretty good shape. On July tenth we started and arrived with the party at Freeville, which is a little village about ten miles from Ithaca. We reached there on the morning of July tenth. When we entered the place, there was an old farm with tumble-down farm buildings. You can picture it in your mind. We had to fix up the old barn into a sort of an improvised public building. We had it partitioned off into certain sections. Over one was the word “Court”; over another “Post Office”; over another “Bank,” and over a dark passage leading to the cow stable was the significant word “Jail.” All around were picks, shovels, cooking utensils, farming implements, etc. I marched this group of young people in there and told them we were going to start a Republic and they would be obliged to work for their support; that nothing would be given them; money they would be obliged to earn and that the medium through which they could earn this money would be the tools they saw about them. We said, if there were any that did not wish to work, we had a scheme devised for such. If there were any who absolutely declined to contribute any effort at all in the

line of earning money, such would be supported at public expense, as they did that sort of thing on the outside. They paid little attention to that statement because they were so interested in what followed. I told them it would be necessary to have a Police Force in the place and that the Police Force would be composed of citizens, and asked how many of them would like to go on the Force, and every boy in the place raised his hand, and some of the girls as well. I told them that was all right; that, in order to be admitted to the Force, it would be necessary to pass a Civil Service examination. They had no idea what a Civil Service examination was like; they thought it was a sort of a test of muscle, and several of the fellows began to display their biceps and thought they were qualified all right. They were told the Civil Service Board would receive them in an adjoining room and they might come in for trial. So they went into that place, and, for a little time, there were no boys in sight. But, suddenly, they began to emerge. You should have seen their faces. One boy came outside and said, "I wish my mudder had trashed me and made me go to school; then I could have been a 'cop' up here." Another boy said, "I ain't going to play hookey no more." Up to that time none of them had a very exalted idea of the value of a Public School education. Their parents had advised them to go to school and said, "Some day you will wish you had an education;" but they said, "No; that is the old story; it is the proper thing to say," but now for the first time they had come to believe in the importance of having some knowledge of the three "R's" at least. They saw the fellows, who had attended school regularly, put on blue uniforms, and they were obliged to do something else. It was funny for several days after that to see the fellows studying text-books, impelled by the possibility that they could be ready for the next examination to try to get on the Police Force. The other fellows had to take some other lines of work. Some did farming, carpentering or landscape gardening. The girls took up mil-linery, dressmaking, and cooking. They went to work with zest. Farming seemed to be the most popular. Standing near

the farmers I overheard one fellow say to a companion, "Hey, Tony, what was it he said about the blokes that didn't work, the other guys would have to pay for them?" The companion replied, "Jim, he did say something of the kind." "All right," retorted Jimmy, "I am going to be the first one that comes in on that," and with that he threw down his pick and shovel and walked away. Tony paused a moment, gave his companion a sympathetic glance and said, "Jim, I am wid ye," and straightway threw down his tools, and both walked away and reposed under an apple tree near at hand. After a little time recruits began to come and join this company of two, so that the next time I visited that section I saw quite a crowd of boys under the apple tree who refused to complete their forenoon's work. The dinner bell rang and all the boys and girls hastened to the dining room. Those who had not worked attempted to enter the dining room together with those who had worked; but the Policeman on duty said: "Hold on! Yuse fellers what got money, come in first, and yuse who have not stay outside." He proceeded to divide the sheep from the goats; kept those who had no money outside, and those who had been working walked inside and seated themselves at the tables. After they were comfortably located and had paid their money for their dinner, they began to take an interest in what was happening to the less thrifty group who stood just outside the tent door disconsolately watching the whole proceedings. There still remained vacant tables in the dining room sufficient in number to accommodate the hungry non-workers, but it soon became evident that the thriftless watchers were not to be allowed even that space, until a radical transformation in furnishing, or rather non-furnishing, had taken place, for out came some waiters from an adjoining room, and cleaned off the tables, leaving the rough boards, and then they brought out tin basins with soup in them, and then they brought hunks of bread which were placed on the tables by the side of the soup. The industrious boys instantly caught the idea. One said, "They are going to be fed just like paupers. That is what they are—paupers, ain't they?" "Sure," the indus-

trious citizens cried, "that is what they are—paupers." At this fling, sudden animation seized the so-called paupers; they threw off their coats and started to charge in the dining room with the evident intention of "doing up" their tormenters. The industrious group were more than willing they should try to do the job and were also willing to meet them more than half way, for they in turn proceeded to throw off their coats and also gave other indications of preparation for battle, but the new Police jumped between the combatants and soon restored order, after which the "paupers" were invited to take the tables which were specially prepared for them, but only five accepted, all the others walked away grumbling about things in general, with possibly two or three exceptional fellows who looked upon the matter from the humorous or philosophical standpoint and blamed no one but themselves. All non-workers, however, with the exception of the five who accepted pauper fare, got jobs that very afternoon and did hard work, and, when supper time arrived, they were on hand, ready to take their places with the other industrious citizens. The five, who did not care, not only took their dinner that day, but also their supper and came in for their breakfast the next morning, and likewise their dinner at noon time, and so on day after day, amidst the jeers of the entire company. It did not affect them a bit. By and by, the citizens got angry—why? They discovered that their taxes were materially increased on account of being obliged to pay for these fellows. Then they ceased laughing at them, and their speech took on a more violent form. "Why should we pay for dose 'guys'?" They can work just as well as de rest of us." Day after day their wrath increased against the paupers.

One day a boy rose in the Legislature,—he did not use as good English as he does now, for he graduated from Harvard College a few years ago; but he got up that day and said: "Fellows, I have got something here," and he waved a paper, "to stop this pauper business." There was great applause. "It says, A fellow that is sick, let him be fed; but a fellow who can work and won't work, let him starve to

death. What do you say?" They all said the same thing. The bill was passed with a rush. And the paupers were notified that at high noon on the fifteenth day of July the law was to go into effect. But that did not make any difference; that little group went on right up to the very day, and that day also they started in to the dining room; but when they did so, a Policeman was there to see that the law should go into effect and he said, "Yuse fellers can hustle for a job," and I assure you, friends, it was not very long before they got work. So that settled the pauper question, at least for a time.

There was a Committee appointed by the Legislature known as the Government Sick Committee. Its duty was to decide whether a fellow was sick enough to be fed at the public expense. They had to get a certificate from this Committee before they could get free meals. There was a Sunday School that collected money and they did not know what to do with the money. A little girl got up in Sunday School and said, "I have got an idea that the Government Sick Committee is awful hard-hearted. I have got a scheme. I have an awful nice place to put our money;" and looked at Treasurer Billy Dolan. "He is the Cashier of the Bank. We will elect him Treasurer and give him all the money and we will give tickets to the fellows who are sick—those that the Government Sick Committee reject." They said it was a fine scheme. So they passed the measure. Then it was announced all through the Republic that the Sunday School was going to supply provisions and food for those who were sick whom the Government Sick Committee had rejected. There was at once an epidemic in the place. At that time we had three restaurants. There was a very swell affair, at which dined the lawyers, politicians, and the policemen. We called that Delmonico's. Then there was another place where the merchants, farmers and others dined. We called it Childs'. There was still a third place, a rough one, that we called the Beanery. Saturday afternoon, Bill, the Cashier of the Bank, was hurrying up to close his accounts, as he had an appointment to play base-ball. Suddenly, he

looked up and there was the proprietor of Delmonico's. Bill said, "Hurry up. What you got there?" "It won't take very long," replied the proprietor of Delmonico's. "I have got a little bill for you to settle." "What do I owe you," said the Treasurer. The restaurant proprietor began to pull out the tickets, great handfuls of them, and piled them in front of the astonished Bill. He said, "You are the proprietor of Delmonico's, what are you doing with those tickets?" The reply was, "Did you ever see them before? Do you know what they are?" Bill said, "I certainly do. What are you doing with them?" "They dined with me." "Dined with you?" "Yes." "Well, those tickets were meant for the Beanery." "You cannot see the word 'Beanery' on any one of those tickets. It says, 'Good for one meal.' I guess you are good for it." "Do you mean those paupers dined at Delmonico's?" "Yes, I do." Bill said, "I won't pay it." "Very well, then I will sue you." Said Bill, "I don't know about that: I will consult my lawyer." So he went around to the pig pen which had been fixed up for law offices. He found his lawyer, one of the brightest boys in the place, and he said to Bill after he had explained the case, "I guess he has got you." So Bill went off and paid the money, and immediately thereafter hurried on with the greatest possible speed to call the Sunday School Committee together. They got together in a hurry and it did not take them long to get down to business. The little girl who had proposed the giving of the meals in the first place got up and said, "I don't think I will be very popular in this place, but I just have something I wish to say: I just want to give three cheers for the Government Sick Committee," and they were given with a right good will. Then they used their money in another way. They employed a nice little girl to give her entire time to missionary service in the Republic.

Our time is short, therefore we will cease giving incidents of the first days of the Republic and pass on to other events. We had not been in operation a full week before I discovered that the thing worked, and at once saw the great possibilities

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it opened up to the boys and girls, but even then I did not realize how far it was to extend. People came from far and near to see it, as the fame of the place went abroad. Really public attention was brought to the work too soon, but the public was very kind and forgave us for our unavoidable shortcomings.

Realizing dimly its possibilities, I determined to extend it at once, and, instead of having it as a summer work solely, to make it permanent. Accordingly, I planned to give up my business in New York City. I had a business competitor there always trying to buy me out, so I wrote him a letter, as quickly as I made up my mind to extend the Republic idea, with the result that he purchased my business, and then I had my entire time to myself. I now thought it would be well to see if I could find any boys who would remain with me to form a permanent colony. So I went around and talked with about fifty boys and asked them if they would like to remain; all seemed pleased with the idea. I suggested they write to their parents. They did so and the replies that came in reduced the number of boys who wanted to remain to the number of twenty-five. Finally it came time for the summer crowd to return. Then I discovered that the twenty-five who were planning to remain began to get weak-kneed. One fellow came around and said that he concluded that the educational facilities were not as good in Freeville as in New York, or words to that effect. He had been a proverbial truant in New York. Another had a sick grandmother who needed attention, and it would be impossible for him to remain on that account. Little by little, the others began to find excuses, and finally I began to fear that I was not going to have any one who would remain. When the train bearing the summer crowd pulled out for New York City, I felt lonesome enough, but, looking down the platform, after the train had disappeared, I saw five lonesome looking boys. These fellows were the nucleus of the Junior Republic. They walked back solemnly to the old house on the hill. My! but it looked bleak. Every one was homesick. But they kept up brave hearts. We made

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one of the boys act as cook. He was the smallest fellow and was bulldozed into the job. It happened by good fortune that there had been an unusually large number of potatoes raised that year and also quantities of tomatoes; so we would have potatoes and tomatoes for breakfast, tomatoes and potatoes for dinner, and a hash of both of these vegetables for supper. It is a wonder that every one of us did not die of indigestion. But we were all a pretty husky lot and could stand a good deal of hardship, and this probably saved the day. A terribly cold winter followed. The temperature at one time was 30° below zero. The boys would awake in the morning and find the snow had sifted through the rafters and come down on their beds and they frequently found their shoes frozen to the floor. They froze their fingers and their noses at work or going and coming from the school two and one-half miles away, but they stuck right to their tasks manfully. During the coldest part of the winter a fellow, who had gone home with the summer citizens, came back. Conditions at his home in the city were such that we felt justified in keeping him, and we always regarded him as one of the pioneers. I tell you it was pioneer life with a vengeance, but every fellow who remained felt repaid for so doing. It was a good deal like the Pilgrims—they did not realize what they were doing at that time. Hundreds and thousands of boys have since said they wished they could have been of the number of pioneers; but the honor was reserved to those six only.

Let us see how they turned out. I had the pleasure of seeing one of them, Jacob Smith, graduate from Cornell in the class of 1903. He was one of the best students of political science in Cornell University at that time. Not only was he good in his studies, but his principal fame came in the fact that he was the fellow who steered the Cornell Varsity boat at Poughkeepsie the year they established the world's record and it was largely due to his skill as coxswain that the trick was done. After leaving Cornell he went to Harvard Law School and aided in the coaching of the Harvard crew. He is now a lawyer in the City of Syracuse. The second boy

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graduated from a college in Ohio and is now a lawyer in the City of Cleveland. The third boy is a student in Cornell University to-day. The fourth boy is in business for himself in New York City. In this connection let me say that the wise ones declare that ninety per cent. of men engaging in business for the first time fail. We have had many boys from the Junior Republic who have gone into business for themselves after leaving the Republic, but not one mother's son of them has failed up to the present time. Why? Because, while citizens of the Republic, they engaged in business there, and met with the possible necessary first failure and were therefore equipped when they went out in the world. The fifth boy is in a government department at Washington. The sixth boy is one of my most valued helpers in the Republic work. I do not mean to say that this excellent showing will hold true with all boys who have been in the Republic; but it will hold wherever I could keep them as long as I desired.

These simple beginnings, filled to the brim with hardships already described, mark the start of the Junior Republic as a permanent institution, as opposed to an injurious device to keep a summer outing party from getting into mischief. For two succeeding years, we took a few additional summer citizens and then we gave up the summer idea entirely. Since the work became permanent a series of evolutions have taken place. I will enumerate some of the most important changes. When the work began the company was composed of children of both sexes from New York City. They came from the worst sections of the big metropolis and were of course very poor. For the first several months, therefore, the citizenship of the Junior Republic bore the stamp "Poor and from New York City." Soon we began to receive applications for the admittance of children from other places as well as New York City. We took them providing they were poor. As months passed by we noted a curious phenomenon. It was this: The boys, but not the girls, who caused us the greatest amount of trouble at the beginning of their careers at the Republic by getting into jail, or doing vicious things, turned out finally to be its leading and

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best citizens. Accordingly, in the case of boys, general badness became a qualification for admittance to the Junior Republic, and, when this fact became known, we got some mighty tough ones, let me tell you, from all over the country. We had one boy who sportively dropped a brick on the head of a policeman which gave that functionary a two weeks' vacation in the city hospital. The young culprit got away from the city without detection. He went over to New Jersey and joined a gang of horse thieves; finally, stole a horse and got caught and was brought before the Salem Court under the name of Herbert Wilson. He was sixteen years of age. He pleaded guilty. He knew they would send him to a Reform School until he was twenty-one if they found out he was sixteen, but if he could lead them to believe he was eighteen he would be sent to States Prison for only two years. So he lied and told them he was eighteen and received but the two year sentence which he had anticipated. His record while in prison shows that he was not one of the exemplary convicts; he could barely read and write. When he came out he started to take up a life of crime, making a specialty of burglary. He told me this himself. I asked him why he did not try to be decent. He said, "It is too easy." I said, "No, it is a hard job. It is so hard you cannot do it." He seemed interested and said, "Tell me about it." I proceeded to paint being decent, in the darkest colors possible. When I had concluded he said, "If it is as hard a job as that I think I would like to tackle it." He went to the Republic and became one of our best boys, and three years after that he entered Cornell University and graduated from the civil engineering college wherein he had made a specialty of bridge construction, and they say he would have been a wonder in that line had he not come to his death after a serious illness in the City of San Francisco about six years ago. I never saw a stronger will in a human being.

That is a sample of what has been done with others of the same sort. In fact the knowledge of our successes became so wide-spread that we began to receive applications for the admittance of troublesome boys, whose parents were in good

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circumstances and in some cases rich, but for some time I rejected them on the ground that we were receiving money for poor boys and girls; but finally I saw no reason why the sons of men in prosperous circumstances should not be saved, just the same as those of very poor men, providing by taking the well-to-do we did not exclude those from poor homes entirely. Then I let down the bars to all boys, no matter what their previous social conditions might be, providing they measured up to the necessary standards of dare deviltry. We adjusted the board problem by establishing a sliding scale, the parents giving us money to carry on our work according to their means. But whether a father paid much or nothing for his boy's being in the Republic, the boy's position in the little village was not affected thereby to the slightest degree. His position in the community depended entirely on himself. All boys started just the same whether they hailed from Cranberry Point or Fifth Avenue; but after a few months there would be a wide difference between some of them, for some would get along better than others. It might happen that the son of a millionaire dined in the Beanery or was in Jail for vagrancy. On the other hand, the son of a poor man might be dining at Delmonico's or residing in one of the finest cottages in the Republic. It is all up to the boy himself. A few years ago we found it better to increase the age limit and cease taking young children. The voting age was raised to sixteen years. A short time ago I began to take a few boys who were not bad at all to see what the effect would be on them, and I discovered it was beneficial to them. Immediately I told people that while the Republic was good for so-called bad boys it was also good for other boys as well, but this statement did not seem to attract as much notice as I desired. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the Junior Republic is good for all boys and girls, because it is straight-out unadulterated Americanism, and teaches them to be citizens by being citizens, the value of labor by being dependent upon labor to secure their daily bread, and a thousand and one other things that every youth ought to know, in order that he may be an ideal American citizen.

At present the Junior Republic is a village of about 300 people altogether, including adults. You do not know when you enter or leave it because there is nothing to indicate the boundaries. There are little cottages, some larger, some smaller, and each one of these cottages has got a nice motherly lady—not a matron—that would be too institutional—who keeps the house, and the boys pay her for their board, and they pay little or much according to the quarters in which they live. If the cottage is elaborate, the living therein costs more than in a simpler habitation.

About the work. We have trades there. They are taught carpentering, plumbing, printing, farming, and a lot of other things. They are paid according to the work they perform. They may leave a job any time they wish to and may try to get a job somewhere else and they may be asked for a recommendation from their last employer and run up against all the hard problems of political economy. There it is a little village of shops and houses and stores, and last but not least the Jail. There is a citizen's government—a President, a Judge and Police Officers, and everything is carried on just like a well-organized town, all operated just exactly the same. The only difference between the Junior Republic and some village of the great Republic is in the age of its citizens; in the former they vote at the age of sixteen instead of twenty-one.

Perhaps some of you people are going to the football game. There is an interesting character on one of the teams. He is one of my Republic boys. He plays right guard. "A-Z," you will hear the boys call him. You will hear that name frequently, and you will note that A-Z is very much in the game, no matter which team wins. A-Z came from Boston. It will not be difficult to guess his parentage. He has inherited their characteristics and faculties. He is a perfect type of Irishman. Ten years ago he was a perfect terror down in Boston and got his father into lots of trouble. Finally he got into a certain difficulty that could not be overlooked, and his father concluded to try sending A-Z to the Republic. He came up. He looked around it and he didn't like it at all,

for the reason, in the first place, he couldn't smoke. The citizens have an ordinance against it. In the second place, he would be obliged to work. Now A-Z was just at that age when he was too light for heavy work and too heavy for light work. Therefore he concluded not to work at all. Accordingly he proceeded to sell certain articles which he had brought with him and lived on the proceeds. One morning the Messenger of the Bank, when he opened for business, chanced to glance in the direction of the safe. To his horror he discovered that it had been opened and the money had all disappeared from the drawers. The Chief of Police and his detective were called in, and at once proceeded to make a careful examination of the ground. The question was what to do. They concluded finally to say nothing about the affair but lay low and some one would turn up before long who would have more money than he could account for. So the officers waited for a few days and kept careful watch. At last they noted that A-Z seemed to be particularly flush and he was watched as a suspicious character. A day or two later they arrested him, and upon examination it was found, and he admitted, that he had robbed the bank. A-Z was sentenced to quite a term in the Republic Jail.

Now it happened that at that time we had in Jail some tough individuals. There was one from Rochester; another from Chicago; another one from New York. We had none from Philadelphia. A-Z represented Boston. One day these boys were working out by the railroad track in charge of an assistant keeper. He was a new fellow, who had passed the Civil Service examination, just upon points, but he was too new; he didn't understand his business. While the regular keeper was in the dining room enjoying his breakfast, a wild-eyed prisoner rushed in the room and shouted, "The prisoners have skipped and they have taken the new keeper wid em." In an instant there was a commotion among the citizens and the Police Force. The boys started in pursuit on horseback and the constables and police of adjoining towns were notified, but the little rascals eluded every one. They were obliged to

sleep in the woods by day and travel by night, but they did not get caught. In the course of time the fellow who lived in Chicago landed there; the fellow who lived in Rochester got home; the fellow who came from New York turned up at his home and A-Z got back in Boston. After they were all located we sent boy officers after them. They went and brought them back—all except A-Z. We had difficulty in getting A-Z, but finally he was rounded up some months afterwards and brought back in the custody of the officers. Then he had added to his term an additional sentence for breaking Jail. When he got out of Jail he began to work hard and got on fairly well. One night in the Court there was an unusual case. Some fellow was to be tried and it happened that the lawyer would not serve after the Judge appointed him. All the lawyers disappeared that night. They did not want to try that case. One of the officers went around and could not find a single one. The District Attorney was ready to try the case. The Judge said, "Is there any one in the Court Room who will defend this prisoner?" Suddenly up rose A-Z. He walked down to the front and said, "Your Honor, I will take his case." Everybody looked at him. The Judge said, "You can try." He said, "Surely I can." "All right," the Judge said. Then A-Z said, "I would like about ten minutes to consult wid me client." He took him to one side and held a little conference with him. At length he returned and said, "Your Honor, we are ready to proceed wid de case." In less than ten minutes A-Z had not only the witnesses mixed up but the Judge, the District Attorney and the Jury to boot, and he got the prisoner off on a technicality. He said, however, to a friend, "This will not save the Republic: that fellow ought to be in prison." His success, however, encouraged him to try to pass the coming examination for admission to the Bar. The Bar examination was before the Judge and a Committee. They said, "We will give him an examination he cannot pass." A-Z went before them and went through with flying colors and there was nothing to do but admit him. He was admitted to the Bar and became the great criminal lawyer

of the Republic. Few and far between were the convictions in those days. The good citizens became indignant. They said, "This is an outrage. How can we stop that Irishman?" Now there was an election for District Attorney. The Good Government Party nominated a candidate and the Peoples Party also nominated a leading lawyer. A group of the Republic under-world who chanced to have votes got together and nominated A-Z on an independent ticket. None of the good citizens thought he had the ghost of a show to be elected and they paid very little attention to him. A-Z, however, went out and conducted a whirlwind campaign and was elected District Attorney. His opponents said, "It means the fall of the Republic." A few weeks later A-Z appeared for his first duties as a public officer. Just before the session of Court, the Grand Jury meets—I do not know what time they met—but A-Z went before them. I went in the Court Room and in a very few minutes the Grand Jury left the room. I noticed that around the Court Room there were a number of bad and good citizens who had come to see the fall of the Republic. The room was jam full. After a while A-Z entered the room, smiled and walked down to the front. A little desk stood apart for him. He went up and threw upon it a batch of papers. I said, "What are those?" He replied with a comical look in his eye, "Say nuttin, Daddy, dem is indictments wat I got against me former clients." The Court opened. The first name was called. Something had gone wrong. The name of the leader of the gang was called. He walked down to the front. Another name was called; it was the lieutenant. Another name; and then the under-world said in horrified tones, "A-Z has gone wrong," and they started up all around and started to rush from the Court Room; but there was a Police Officer there to bar the way; they started then for the windows, but found there were Police Officers there also. That night the Jail was full; they had to carry in cots to supply beds for "A-Z's" prisoners.

That boy was perfectly remorseless in his prosecution of crime. From that day forward he was a perfect terror to

wrong-doers. When it was time for a new Judge to be appointed, A-Z was appointed by the vote of all of the citizens for that high office. After he had been appointed several days, he said to me one day that he would like to get a college education and then he would like to be a lawyer. I said, "Do you mean it?" He said, "You bet your life I do." "All right: we will see about it," I replied. So I told some friends. There was a lady there who became interested in A-Z and said that she would teach him. She was older than A-Z, but not so old as to make it totally uninteresting. She taught him and he made rapid progress. We did not have a preparatory school in the Republic at that time, so it was necessary for him to leave later and go to a preparatory school.

One night we had a party—a very swell party, by the way. All of the best citizens of the Republic and friends from the outside were there. It was a very interesting affair. A-Z was there and Miss W., his tutor, was there. A young trustee of the Republic also chanced to be in the Republic at that time, and of course he was at the party. I might say that Young Trustee was interested in Miss W. Somebody proposed a dance and A-Z said to the lady, "Miss W., will you dance with me?" She said, "Yes, A-Z." Just about that time up came the Young Trustee. He said to her, "May I have the pleasure?" She said, "I have just promised A-Z I will dance with him." He said, "I don't think A-Z would care." A-Z said, "But I do care." Young Trustee walked away. They danced. During the dance, A-Z said to her, "He did not ask for the pleasure of the next dance. Miss W., will you dance with me next time?" She said, "I will." After the conclusion of the dance up came Young Trustee. "Now, I can have the pleasure this time. I am very certain A-Z won't mind," and with that remark he took Miss W. by the arm and walked to the centre of the room. A-Z straightened up and bawled out at the top of his voice, "You are no gentleman," and walked away. Young Trustee was disconcerted. He said, "Excuse me,

Miss W.," and followed A-Z out on the porch. "A-Z," he exclaimed, as he stepped up to him, "nobody says I am no gentleman without fighting." "All right," said A-Z, as he jerked off his coat. "Then," said Young Trustee, "I saw my finish. I knew I would last about ten seconds and it was an open question whether I would last that length of time. The boy's belligerent attitude brought me to my senses. I said to myself, 'Would I have treated any other young man like that?' and I knew that I would not. A-Z was clearly in the right. I owed him an apology. So I said to him, 'A-Z, I did not do the gentlemanly thing and I want you to forgive me.'" That was too much for A-Z. He said, as he replaced his coat, "You are a gentleman: go in and dance with her."

When it was learned that A-Z was going to college, he began to get offers from the schools in this fashion: "Dear Mr. A-Z, I understand you are going to college. We are interested in young men who go to college. We have a place that we can recommend to you and where you will have to do very little work and we will give you free tuition. Will you accept? P. S. We have a fine football team in our school." He showed me those letters. There were a number of them about the same. He said, "Can you read between the lines?" I smiled in reply. "Well," he continued, "do you want to see what I replied to their letters?" With that he handed me the following copy: "Dear Mr. —: Your letter received. I thank you for your kind offer, but I play football for fun. Yours truly, A-Z." Finally he went to a preparatory school, and, subsequently, entered college, and is now on the football team and if any of you witness the game with that college you will find him one of the principal contestants, and if — makes a touch-down it will be he who kicks the goal.

I now wish to give you the opportunity to ask any questions.

A MEMBER: How are the expenses of these boys paid when they get to college?

MR. GEORGE: If the boy's parents are well to do, he

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pays it himself, or he may earn money in the Republic and that money is repaid him dollar for dollar, or he may have money loaned to him by a friend, and, in some cases, the boys secure scholarships.

A MEMBER: How long do they generally stay in the Republic?

MR. GEORGE: No specified time; some stay longer and some stay a shorter time; the longer they stay the better. They are not compelled to stay. Some come to stay a definite length of time. A large percentage can leave any time they wish.

A MEMBER: If any leave, without permission before the end of the period for which they are to stay, have your officers legal authority to bring them back?

MR. GEORGE: No; but they bring them back just the same. At one time a fellow who skipped was caught in Boston and brought back by the officer who did not bother with requisition papers.

A MEMBER: Do the boys get religious instruction?

MR. GEORGE: The same as outside. There are churches on the outside of the different denominations which they attend, and it is a very religious place. When I say "very," it is in the right way.

A MEMBER: I would like to ask whether the girls ever vote.

MR. GEORGE: I understand the question is: Do the girls vote? They do.

A MEMBER: How does it work—giving the girls a vote?

MR. GEORGE: When you get the right ones, it works splendidly. I am getting confidential; I am speaking plain truths, at the risk of getting disliked. When election day comes, you will know to a vote so far as the boys are concerned; but with the girls it is uncertain. They are just as good voters as a rule as the boys, but with some girls it goes a little too far, even to the great disgust of some of the girls. Some girls have changed their minds five times in a single day.

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One girl changed her mind six times while she was walking to the ballot box. Others you cannot change; they are worse than the boys. But they are all right. When election day arrives, all the boys rush to the polling place. So with some of the girls, but a large number will not attend. In fact that was so apparent that one day a girl got up in town meeting and introduced a bill declaring it to be a misdemeanor not to vote if you could vote, and then she said, "I am introducing this bill for the purpose of getting the girls to vote;" but it was voted down by the sterner sex. But I may say also that where girls have held public office they have been just as earnest and have put just as much heart into it, and sometimes a little more heart, than the boys.

A MEMBER: Do you pay them real money?

MR. GEORGE: No; we have a token money, but it is redeemed dollar for dollar when they leave the Republic. In the early days the token money was redeemable ten to one; at another time five to one; it has never, however, got down to sixteen to one. Now it is dollar for dollar, gold standard.

A MEMBER: Do you find that those who have left the Republic after being there a proper length of time are interested in politics?

MR. GEORGE: That is an interesting point. I am not able to say that every boy who goes out from the Republic becomes interested in the political situation; but I know, as is known by every one who has had anything to do with these boys, that they are quite independent voters. I tried to find out at the last election how many citizens of the Republic had voted straight tickets at the preceding fall election and although I found some who called themselves Democrats and others Republicans, I could not find one of them who had voted a complete straight ticket. That is significant, is it not? They are very independent.

In closing, I will give you our yell. We got together and proposed this yell. You ought to hear it given by the citizens when our football team is successful, which is usually

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the case. When we get more Republic citizens in Cornell, and other colleges, Pennsylvania will be obliged to look out for her football laurels. Here it is:

“Down with the boss,
Down with the tramp,
Down with the pauper,
Down with the scamp.
Up with the freemen,
Up with the wise.
Up with the thrifty,
On to the prize.
Who are we,
We are the citizens of the G. J. R.”

I thank you. I want to extend you an invitation to visit the Republic. We will give you the time of your lives.

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